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## REVIEWS

*Memorials of the Professional Life and Times of Sir William Penn, Knt., Admiral and General of the Fleet, during the Interregnum; Admiral, and Commissioner of the Admiralty and Navy, after the Restoration. (From 1644 to 1670.)* By Granville Penn, Esq. 2 vols. London: Duncan.

The penury of English biography was lamented by Johnson, even while he was in the act of enriching it with his unequalled Lives of the Poets: some noble works of that nature have been added since his day; still we are sensible that Biography is the most barren of all the branches of our great tree of literature. There is not one class of eminent men, of whom the history is either complete or satisfactory: this is a national disgrace; and, if a nation is ever ashamed, Britain ought to be so, when she thinks of her eminent sons—particularly those who have fought for her empire and existence on the great deep. With the single exception of Southe's Life of Nelson, we have no memoir of any great admiral worthy of the name. The correspondence of Collingwood supplied many valuable materials for the biographer; and we are quite certain that the 'Memorials of the Professional Life of Admiral Penn,' will be equally useful; nay, more so, for they throw a strong light over a period which has hitherto lain partly in darkness: they acquaint us with the condition and equipment of our fleet—of our mode of fighting—of our movements on the waters, and with the instructions which our commanders at sea received from their rulers on shore, regarding capturing fleets and conquering islands. The author seems to have entertained no desire to enter the lists as a regular biographer: all he wished, was to arrange the letters and memoranda of his eminent ancestor, connect them with slight descriptions, personal and historical, and so form a work which should have all the interest of regular biography, and the certainty of a historical document, without the labour of brooding over the varied materials, and extracting from them a narrative clear and compact.

Of the hero of the work we must give a slight sketch. Sir William Penn was born at Bristol in April 1621; and educated for the sea by his father, a captain of some note in the mercantile service. At that period the royal and mercantile navies were united on every pressing emergency: the royal ships were not numerous: the king took into his service all such merchant ships as were well armed and appointed; and it was no uncommon thing for a dozen or two of thirty-gun vessels to unite themselves with the national navy, and proceed to war instead of traffic. From this branch of the service

came many of our expert seamen; and it was in such a school that Penn obtained that education, at once scientific and practical, which rendered him one of the most accomplished mariners of the age. In his twenty-third year he obtained the command of a ship of twenty-eight guns, and sailed into the Irish seas, under the flag of Captain Swaney, where he distinguished himself by great courage, presence of mind, and a nautical skill, surpassing that of his companions. The Parliament first, and then Cromwell, its master, promoted one every way so worthy; nor was it unknown to the wily Protector, that Penn was attached to the cause of the Stuarts: he made him an admiral by sea and a general by land, endowed him with some of the sequestered property of the Irish royalists, and sent him out under Blake to decide whether the English or the Dutch were to be masters of the sea. Having quelled, for a time, the spirit of the sister republic, Penn was associated with Venables in that expedition in which they captured Jamaica instead of Hispaniola, and were committed to the Tower for mismanagement or disobedience. That Penn was not to blame is better known than that he was indebted for his imprisonment to his attachment to the royal cause: he was not liberated for some time, nor employed till the Restoration, when he sailed against his old opponents, the Dutch, under the command of his old associate Monk—a man scarcely inferior, in maritime skill and courage, to Blake himself. When the war, which was more glorious than just, terminated, Penn reposed upon his fame and his fortune, and died at an advanced age, leaving sons; one of whom was the celebrated Quaker who gave his name to the splendid settlement of Pennsylvania, now a part of the republic of North America.

As this work is a succession of nautical documents and memoranda, made by Admiral Penn during his various voyages, we shall select a few of the most interesting of these, interspersing them with snatches of the narrative, and such remarks of our own as the matter may require. The following are the directions given by Sir William Monson, who died in 1643, for fighting a naval battle. Having advised his captains to get the weather-gage of the enemy, he says—

"The wind being thus gotten, a general need give no other directions than to every admiral of a squadron to draw together their squadrons, and every one to undertake his opposite squadron, or where he shall do it for his greatest advantage; but to be sure to take a good distance of one another, and to relieve that squadron that shall be overcharged or distressed.

"Let them give warning to their ships not to venture so far as to bring themselves to leeward of the enemy; for so shall they either dislodge themselves, to see such a ship taken in their view, or in seeking to relieve her they shall bring themselves to leeward, and lose the ad-

vantage they had formerly gotten; for it will be in the power of the enemy to board them, and they not to avoid it; which was the only thing coveted by the Spaniards in our time of war, by reason of the advantage of their ships, as I have before expressed.

"The strict ordering of battles by ships, was before the invention of the *bowling*; for then there was no sailing but before the wind, nor no fighting but by boarding; whereas, now a ship will sail within six points of thirty-two, and by the advantage of wind may rout any fleet that is placed in that form of battle."

The instructions of the Commonwealth in 1647, previous to the war with Holland, are as follows:—

"If any fleet shall be discovered at sea, which may probably be conjectured to have a purpose to encounter, oppose, or affront the fleet in the parliament's service, you may in that case expect more particular instructions. But, for the present, you are to take notice, that in case of joining battle, you are to leave it to the vice-admiral to assail the enemy's admiral, and to match yourself as equally as you can; to succour the rest of the fleet as cause shall require; not wasting your powder, nor shooting afar off, nor till you come side by side."

It appears, however, from Pepys, that, in a conversation with Penn, the latter censured the promiscuous manner in which the naval battles of the Commonwealth were fought: "The Dutch," said he, "fighting otherwise, and we whenever we beat them." Indeed, it would appear, that Penn was the first to bring science to the aid of our naval courage; his orders were to "gain the admiral's wake and form a line with him," and he imputes the promiscuous mode of fighting, which prevailed during the first Dutch war, to the circumstance of being commanded by land officers full of courage, but unacquainted with those scientific manoeuvres which have since made us the conquerors in all great naval combats. On this interesting subject, we may as well quote the words of our author, the Admiral's great-grandson:—

"It is thus manifest, that from the commencement of hostilities with Holland, in 1652, the English seaman's principle of naval tactics was to engage in line; and, indeed, the example of the Dutch, under their experienced lieutenant-admiral, Van Tromp, would alone have compelled them, in their inexperience, to do the same. The promiscuous fighting in the first Dutch war, therefore, is not to be ascribed to the navy of that day, but to the land-commanders, or shore-admirals, set over the fleet; who pertinaciously adhered to the old English practice of engaging ship and ship, until experience taught them the necessity of sometimes listening to those who had learned better than themselves what a fleet is, and how it might be best managed for the destruction of an enemy. Until this new occasion, the English had fought their naval battles promiscuously, as in their attack on the Spanish Armada in 1588. But, when the English fleet riding in the Downs witnessed Van Tromp with his fleet, at the back of

the Goodwins, bear down in six divisions on the Spanish Armada of 1639, and defeat and disperse that vast armament before their eyes, a new view of naval tactics was opened at once to the apprehension of the seamen, imparting to them new notions which could not fail to be well retained, and turned to good account by some. They beheld, for the first time, instead of the mere multiplied action of single ships, to which their experience had hitherto been confined, the combined action of a fleet, and the multiplied power of the combination. And when, at length, a time arrived that they were to enter the watery lists with that same skilful and exercised admiral, those who were seamen had acquired a conviction that they must relinquish the former inadequate practice, and employ their fleets in a manner corresponding to that of their great antagonist and instructor. But though the seamen had acquired that conviction, the army-admirals had not received it; and being suddenly sent to the fleet for the purpose of fighting, they thought of fighting only, and treated with impatience the *ab hoste doceri*—the suggestion of departing from the practice of naval warfare of their brave forefathers, and of learning from an enemy the method by which they must beat him. Nevertheless, it is certain, that as our army are fain to acknowledge that they are indebted to foreign countries for the improvement of the art of war on land; so must our navy submit to acknowledge that they owe to the Dutch, in the person of Van Tromp, the improvement of the art of war on sea, in an engagement of fleets; and must be contented with producing Trafalgar and Waterloo as the several tests of the scholarship of the two services. That navy was now called to the arduous task of both learning from their great exemplar, and vanquishing him, at one and the same time; and that, under land-commanders, who had never contemplated the points which had so deeply engaged their consideration. It is highly probable, that Penn's early alliance by marriage with a Dutch lady of Rotterdam, previous to his station in the Irish fleet, and whilst Van Tromp was at the height of his renown, had drawn his mind to reflect particularly on the proceedings of that great admiral."

The few words which the author has bestowed on the characters of Blake and Monk, are much to the purpose; it was the practice in those days to give the command of the fleet to land-bred rather than sea-bred officers; an experiment which has not been repeated in our days; it would not, perhaps, be easy to find two such men as the great admirals of the Commonwealth were:—

“ Blake loved the navy, though sent by Cromwell to control it; because he was averse to the proceedings on shore, and rejoiced, at the age of fifty, to have found in the seamen a race congenial with his own nature. It was not a case of infusion, but of the mutual attraction of homogeneousness of mind and temper; a correspondence, which existed not, in the same entireness, between any other of the shore-admirals and the navy. If there was infusion on either side, it was the seamen that infused a naval taste into the gallant colonel, who so speedily became their admired and beloved admiral; and who knew, that they were ‘resolved’ for anything, and needed not infusion, but direction and co-operation. With Monk it was different: he valiantly used the navy when it was placed under his authority, as he did his army, but his mind was with the land-service, to which he gladly returned; Blake, on the contrary, never returned to service on land, after he had once tasted of command at sea. The celebrated maxim professed by Blake, and by Granger assigned to Lawson—‘Tis not for us to mind state affairs, but to keep foreigners

from fooling us,’ was no other than the common maxim of the navy, from the commencement of the civil war; and the recorded sentiment of Blake, ‘that he would as soon lose his life for the king as for the parliament,’ is an additional evidence of his unanimity with the service he had adopted.”

How battles were fought, and how admirals described them, may be gathered from the letter which Blake wrote to the Council of the Commonwealth, concerning his first encounter with De Ruyter and De Witt; it is from a MS. copy of the despatch among Penn's papers:—

“ Right Honourable,—My last to your honours was the 28th of the last, in the morning. About noon that day, we got sight of the Dutch fleet standing close by a wind to the westward: the wind then at S.W. Between three and four in the afternoon they got their fleet together, being sixty sail; and, hauling their fore-sails upon their masts, made ready to fight. There was then by me, the vice-admiral and some other; but a great part of the fleet was astern, by reason of their late weighing in the Downs, which I suppose was occasioned by the late storm we had there. As soon as a considerable part was come up to us, the Dutch then tacking, we bore in right with them; their admiral in the head. I commanded no guns to be fired till we came very near them, so that there passed many broadsides between us and them; and, by means of their tacking, the greatest part of our fleet came suddenly to be engaged, and the dispute was very hot for a short time, continuing till it was dark night. That night we lay in sight of each other, refitting our ships, which were much torn. The next morning, being little wind and variable, we bore with them as fast as we could; they seeming awhile to stay for us, till afternoon, when the wind coming northerly, they made all the sail they could, and stood away to the eastward, towards their own coast. We followed them as much as possibly we could, then having the wind of us. Many shots passed between some of our headmost ships and their stern fleet, but nothing could engage them. Then, it beginning to grow dark, we tacked to get our fleet together; and, if we might, get to the weather-gage. And being then half Channel over, it was advised by the captain, master and mates, the pilot and others, to lie close upon that tack till ten of the clock, that so we might have length enough to spend that night, presuming likewise that they would tack before the morning, which would again have brought us together if the wind had stood; but it pleased God that it proved but little wind that night, which was westerly. The next morning the wind came at S.W.; and from the topmast-head we discovered their fleet, and stood away after them; many of them saw West Gable. Then, perceiving that they fled from us as fast as they could, and bent their course for Goree, it growing less wind, I sent for the vice and rear-admiral; and also a great part of the captains being then come aboard, for a supply of some necessaries. We advised together what was fittest to be done; and, it appearing that the merchant-ships were almuch, the most part altogether, out of victuals, and ours not able to supply them, it was resolved that we should return to our coast.

“ What harm we have received by loss of men, or otherwise, I cannot yet give your honours a just account. In our ship, we have only three that we know slain, whereof our lieutenant, Capt. Purvis, is one; about twenty hurt; which is a great mercy of God, considering the multitudes of shot flying among us, and our nearness each to other in the fight. We are also bound, with much thankfulness, to acknowledge God's goodness towards us, in affording us such fair weather and smooth water at our engagement;

otherwise, many of our great ships might have perished without a stroke from the enemy; for both this ship and the *James* touched once or twice, and the great ship (*Sovereign*) had three or four rubs upon the Kentish Knock. What loss the enemy hath sustained, we know not. Three of their ships were wholly disabled at the first brunt, having lost all their masts; and another, as he was towing off the rear-admiral, was taken by Capt. Mildmay: and, the second day they were many less in number than the first. The rear-admiral, and two other captains, are prisoners; who say, that they conceive, by the striking of De Witt's *antient*, and the putting forth another of a blue colour, that he is slain.

“ This is a true and faithful narrative of the Lord's dealing with us, and of our deportment in the last engagement. Yesterday, was brought into our company a vessel called the *State of Elvin*, bound for Bourdeaux, the master whereof (upon examination) says, that, about fourteen days since, three leagues off the Scaw (north point of Jutland), he met eighteen sail of our men-of-war, being about twenty-three leagues from Elsinore; and that there were in that port, upon his coming out, but eight Holland men-of-war.”

Of the romantic way in which victories were described that were never achieved, an example is given, and a curious one, from a newspaper of the period; we have, however, found something more curious still—namely, a snatch of rude verse and rougher prose, contained in the *Laughing Mercury* of 1652, and headed, “ For the right understanding of all the mad merry people of England.”

“ Now Neptune binds his curled brow,  
His rolling billows tumble;  
The Dutch do sink, the Lord knows how:  
Tarpaulins curse and grumble.

Our navy brave, stout men-of-war.  
That in the Channel ride,  
Will make those sons of pitch and tar  
Fall dearly rue their pride.

The devil sure intends a feast,  
For to invite all rich men,  
Having provided at the least  
A shoal of pickled Dutchmen.

Awant, ye sponges, sowes in ruffles,  
Amboyna we'll revenge!  
When we have made the sea your tomb,  
We'll squeeze out your Orange.

“ How now, my Dutch *Mulipuffs*, my fat bears in doublets; what price bear herrings in Holland now? Have ye not fished fair, and caught a frog? Ye high and mighty *Dotterels*, ye most illustrious pitcher-catchers; ye ingrateful *Schellums*; ye larded cowards, that quarrel with those that have formerly been your strength, your defence, your bulwark, your hands, your aiders, in all your distresses, to furnish you with men, ships, gold, silver, ordnance, &c.! How many honourable and renowned English have sacrificed their dearest blood in your redemption from the ambition and tyranny of proud Spain, who usurped over your lives, consciences, and estates, by their cruel inquisition! Have we not been your schoolmasters, that have taught you both wit and valour? Did not K. Jenmy give you back Flushing, Brill, Ramekins? Could Spain's red and white earth (though it ruined poor Germany) once so much as take hold on the skirts of any of your provinces, so long as you were backed by the English? And do ye thus reward us for all these kindnesses? Nay, then, expect the reward of ingratitude, and to render a strict account of your Amboyna tortures, that will never be forgotten by any true Englishman; and justice, that a long time hath slept, hath now begun to take vengeance on your perfidiousness.”

In 1654, Penn sailed in conjunction with Venables for the West Indies; not with or-

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ders very particular and very positive, as Clarendon says, but with instructions leaving much to the discretion of the commanders. That the discomfiture at Hispaniola was owing to Venables, and the success at Jamaica to Penn, our author has pretty clearly proved in these volumes: he is partly borne out by the Ascough manuscripts in the British Museum:—

" From ten o'clock at night to this morning, we kept fair by the shore, and now we made all sail we could to get into the easternmost harbour; but before we could get in it fell calm, so that we were forced to come to an anchor half a league to the eastward of the harbour, in five fathom water; but within half an hour it sprung up a fresh gale at east. We weighed, and stood into the harbour, and came to an anchor in forty fathom water; but the general commanded the *Martin* to run up into the harbour as far as possibly he could, and all the small ships and vessels to follow her; which was done. The *Martin* came to an anchor within shot of the fort, which was very angry with him; and firing at her very hot, and she at them again, but did little hurt on either side. Here were two other forts, of very small account, did keep popping at them with muskets, thinking to fear us. Our general, and General Venables, made all the haste they could up to the *Martin*, and went aboard of her; most part of our soldiers lying round the *Martin* in boats, ready to land. Our general commanded the boats to follow us with the men, and commanded the master to run the ship ashore as near as possible he could to the fort, which was done; and firing some guns into this fort, and the boats following us with the soldiers, our seamen run the boats fast aground close under the fort, and the soldiers leaping into the water to wade ashore.

" The enemy, seeing our resolution, did not stand to give any resistance, but ran, leaving thirteen guns mounted. This gave our army great encouragement; but our army did not follow the enemy, but did draw up in battle, and then resolved to stay, until their general did come ashore to them; for some were much troubled that he did not land with them. For all the time that the army was landing, he was walking about the *Martin*, wrapped up in his cloak, with his hat over his eyes, looking as if he had been studying of physic, more than like the general of an army. And when the army did come by us in their boats, they did shout forth into a holloo, which is a custom at sea, throwing up their caps and hats; but General Venables did not give them so much as one look to encourage them, but pulled his hat more over his eyes, and did look another way. Many of his commanders did take notice of it. But our general did call to them, giving them encouragement, telling them the enemy did run. But General Venables, seeing the enemy all fled to their forts, and none there to oppose our army, did desire a boat, saying he would go ashore; and our general, being both ready and willing, knowing his business to be there and not here, at this time, gave command presently for a boat to carry him ashore to the army, where he found them all drawn up; where they did resolve to encamp this night, and to take the day before them to march up to the town, it being six miles from the place of landing."

As a specimen of the discipline of the days of Cromwell, we give the orders issued by Penn, on this expedition against profanation of the Lord's day: the date is Feb. 1654-5:

" 1. That no boat or boats, person or persons, belonging to the fleet, do pass to and fro upon the Lord's Day, unless upon public necessary business.

" 2. Whereas some of the ships are destitute of ministers, and some of the men belong-

ing to such ships, under pretence of going on shore to hear the Gospel preached, are met with idling and mispending their time; for prevention whereof you are not to suffer them to go on shore, but permit them to go on board some other ships of the fleet, where the word of God is preached.

" 3. That every person that shall blaspheme the name of God, or swear, or be drunk on board any ship of the fleet (whether the said person belong to the shore, or to any merchant ship or vessel), shall be punished after this manner, (viz.) he shall pay five shillings, or twenty pounds of sugar for every such offence, which is to be converted to the use of the sick and wounded of the ship where such offence shall be committed; and in case of non-payment thereof, the party offending to suffer twenty stripes on the bare back, to be given him with the whip wherewith offenders in such or the like cases are usually punished.

" 4. That masters of the ships' companies be taken every morning (if it may conveniently be), and such as shall be found absent, and have not leave from their commanders for the same, are not to receive victuals until they have suffered according to their offences; in which you are to be very careful. And the victuals that shall be saved hereby, are to be accounted for, and improved to the advantage and benefit of the State.

" 5. To bring an exact and speedy account, how much old flesh has been spent in each respective ship since the 20th of November last, and how much remains."

We must close our extracts from these valuable volumes. We have never before met with so much information, clearly and explicitly given, regarding the condition and discipline of our navy in the days of its comparative infancy. Our maritime history may elucidate many of its vague pages from the memoranda and instructions contained in these memorials. The author is now, we understand, far advanced in life; he has done his duty to his ancestor, by this publication, and rescued his character from the insinuations of Clarendon, who had little love for any of the eminent officers of the Commonwealth. We wish that all persons fortunate in having a distinguished descent, would do as much for their forefathers: we should have doubtless many remarkable volumes, but few, perhaps, more useful than these.

*Evenings in Greece*: the Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.; the Music composed and selected by Henry R. Bishop and Mr. Moore. *Second Evening*. London: J. Power.

HERE are a dozen nosegays united by as many garlands. " In thus connecting together," says the poet, " a series of songs by a thread of poetical narrative, the object has been to combine recitation with music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to take a share in the performance, by enlisting as readers those who may not feel themselves competent as singers." The idea is good, nor has the author executed it unskilfully. He imagines that a number of young persons have met together to enjoy the calm twilight on the shore of the Isle of Zea—the Ceos of the ancients—and that they sing, by way of commencement to matters more profane, the following sweet hymn:—

When evening shades are falling  
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,  
To pilgrim's hearts recalling  
Their home beyond the deep;

When, rest o'er all descending,  
The shores with gladness smile,  
And lutes, their echoes blending,  
Are heard from isle to isle,  
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,  
Now ocean toils no more,  
And wings of halcyons hover,  
Where all was strife before.  
Oh thus my life, in closing  
Its short tempestuous day,  
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,  
Shine all its storms away;  
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,  
We pray, we pray, to thee!

Thoughts of the brighter days of Greece press, it seems, through the mind of one of the maidens: she sees in imagination the noble sculptures and glorious paintings of the days of Praxiteles and Apelles; and encouraged by the approving looks of her lover, she sings

*The Birth of Portraiture.*

As once a Grecian maiden wove  
Her garland mid the summer bōw's,  
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,  
To watch her while she wreathed the flowers.  
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,  
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,  
Nor known the colouring, which the heart  
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

*CHORUS.*

Blest be Love, to whom we owe

All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,  
And sketched the rays that light the brook;  
But what were these, or what were those,  
To woman's blush, to woman's look?  
" Oh ! if such magic pow'r there be,  
This, this," he cried, " is all my pray'r,  
To paint that living light I see,  
And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd was heard,  
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,  
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd  
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.  
Still as from tint to tint he stole,  
The fair design shone out the more,  
And there was now a life, a soul,  
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,  
And lilies into life were brought;  
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,  
Young roses kindled into thought.  
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes  
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;  
And violets, transformed to eyes,  
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

The mention of statues naturally calls up the memory of heroes; and while the maidens and youths of Zea find it more gladsome to dwell on the past than think on the present, they are startled by the rapid approach of boats—

"Twas from an isle of mournful name,  
From Missolonghi, last they came,—  
Sad Missolonghi, sorrowing yet  
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame  
That e'er in life's young glory set!

and by the mariners' song:—

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!

No, dearest Harmodius, no.  
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,  
Though, like a star, it dwells o'erhead,  
Still lights this world below.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread,  
And flowers eternal blow,  
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,  
Thy lip, with life ambrosial fed,

Forgets all taste of woe.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread  
Which struck the immortal blow,  
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed,—

The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread,—

Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,  
Though quench'd the vital glow,  
Their memory lights a flame instead,  
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed  
Of death its beams shall throw.

Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!

No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The name, by myriads sung and said,  
From age to age shall go,  
Long as the oak and ivy wed,  
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,  
Or Helles' waters flow.  
Thou art not dead—thou art not dead!  
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Neither the maidens of Zea, nor any other maid, perhaps, love to be long in sorrow: even Minerva, it seems, well nigh forgot herself in days of yore—at least, if we can put faith in the following song:—

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,  
Who should see, at that soft hour,  
But young Minerva, gravely playing  
Her flute within an olive bower.  
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion  
That grave or merry, good or ill,  
The sex all bow to his dominion,  
A woman will be woman still.  
Though seldom yet the boy hath given  
To learned dames his smiles or sighs,  
So handsome Pallas look'd that even  
Love quite forgot the maid was wise.  
Besides, a youth of his discerning  
Knew well that, by a shady rill,  
At sunset hour—whatever he learning—  
A woman will be woman still.  
Her flute he praised in terms extatic,  
Wishing it dumb—not card'd how soon  
For Wisdom's notes, how'er chromatic,  
To Love seems always out of tune.  
But long as he found face to flatter,  
The nymph found breath to shake and thrill  
As, weak or wise—it doth not matter—  
Woman, at heart, is woman still.  
Love chang'd his plan, with warmth exclaiming  
"How brilliant was her lips' soft dye!"  
And much that flute, the sly rogue, blaming,  
For twisting lips so sweet awry.  
The nymph look'd down—beheld her features  
Reflected in the passing rill,  
And started, shock'd—for, ah, ye creatures!  
Ev'n when divine, you're women still.  
Quick from the lips it made so odious,  
That graceless flute the Goddess took,  
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,  
Flung it into the glassy brook;  
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting  
Adown the current, faint and shrill,  
At distance long, 'twas heard repeating,  
"Woman, ah, vaid woman still!"

When the vintage is gathered, and the clusters crushed, it is a good time to be merry: here is a song reeling in every line, like Bacchus among his nymphs:—

Up with the sparkling brimner!  
Up to the crystal rim;  
Let not a moon-beam glimmer  
Twixt the flood and brim.  
When hath the world set eyes on  
Aught to match this light,  
Which, o'er the cup's horizon  
Dawns in bumper bright?  
Truth in a deep well lieth—  
So the wise aver;  
But Truth the fact denieth—  
Water suits not her,  
No, her abode's in brimmers,  
Like this mighty cup,—  
Waiting till we, good swimmers,  
Dive to bring her up.

The remaining songs are of equal or superior merit, and of a varied strain. The poetry, which connects them, contains many allusions to the war for the independence of Greece, and seems to indulge the hope that a new kingdom will there arise, with heroes worthy of a second Plutarch. These splendid dreams are, we fear, like the "devout imaginings" of the northern reformer, and will never be more substantial than they are. The poetry of this pretty and well-imagined work, is like all the other poetry of Moore—elegant, flowing, and harmonious. The words of the songs are the echo of the music; and we can believe that the recitation and singing is dramatic and imposing. He is now and then, however, a little too artificial in his sentiments, and too flowery in his language, for the taste of those who love easy vigour and natural simplicity. To him no flower of the garden nor gem of the mine

is unknown: his suns are ever shining, his winds ever gentle, and his zephyrs balmy. He is among poets what Cipriani is among painters: he has much grace of outline, elegance of action, and beauty of expression; but he wants breadth and vigour. He sings of battles; but his muse breathes

Sabean odours from the spicy shore  
Of Araby the blest,—

instead of setting the trumpet to her mouth, and blowing a blast

Both loud and dread.

He sings of wine and the ocean; but he lacks

A voice like the sea and a drouth like a whale.  
Nevertheless he is a delightful poet.

#### THE LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.—VOL. I.

*The Ghost-hunter and his Family.* By the O'Hara Family. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

"In the decline of an empire, temporary safety may be procured by the concealment of its weakness; the assumption of vigour imposes not merely upon the enemies, it extends to the parties interested and engaged in propagating the delusion, for each supposes that he alone knows the extent of the fraud and the means of its detection. But in such a case, the first who adventures to strike a blow, is certain of obtaining a victory. He cannot, however, be sure that he will reap its fruits; indeed, it rarely happens that the destroyer of the old system is chosen as the rebuilder of the new." There is much political wisdom, much matter for deep and serious consideration in this pithy extract from an old monkish historian, one who lived in what are called the dark ages, and who yet could afford much of useful instruction to an age that boasts of its illumination. To many events that we have witnessed, his aphorisms are applicable as their history; to none more than to the destruction of that oligarchy in literature which we are now beholding. For years that oligarchy owed its security to an assumption of strength which it had not and could not have; its fall was averted by a variety of temporary expedients which exhausted its resources, and increased the weakness they were designed to conceal. It was an oligarchy neither of rank, talent, nor prescription: it was in fact, an oligarchy of accident; chance invested the leading individuals with power, caprice was the tenure of their office, and something not very unlike fraud, the means by which that caprice was urged to successive efforts. It would be unjust to deny that in the oligarchy were to be found some who belonged to the real aristocracy of literature; men who felt heartily ashamed of the system which they nevertheless supported; men who acted as advocates while they were suffering as victims; men whose errors were the vices of position, but errors not on that account undeserving the severest censure. It required little foresight to discover that such a system was self-destructive, it demands a very moderate use of the eyes and ears to find out now, that "there's something rotten in the state of Denmark," for the publishers with one accord cry out, "People do not buy books as they used to do." If they did, in good faith the entire island of Britain would deserve to be regarded as a large St. Luke's.

We shall not open the sepulchres of obli-

tion, or disturb the repose of the unhonoured dead, to search for examples of the "fashionable novels," in which the strength of the oligarchy was placed—

The very means and substance of their reign: without harassing the memory much as "a tomb-searcher," every man may

Lift the shroud that Time has cast

Of'er buried books.

We turn from the contemplation of the evils, to look at the first effort for applying a powerful remedy. In a modest and able preface, the editor of 'The Library of Romance' denounces the circumstances that rendered the literature of fiction an absolute disgrace to England. He attacks the system, not individuals; yet we fear, there are those who, while reading the *exposé* of the delusions practised in getting up and getting out fashionable novels, will say "this was meant for me."

"Publications attended by such heavy expenses, and following so rapidly upon one another, could not be conducted in the usual manner. It was not enough to send them afloat upon the stream, and allow them to take their chance of being found by the world after few or after many days. As the moment of the launch approached, the owners became nervous; distrusting, sometimes with and sometimes without cause, the sea-worthiness of their argosies; distrusting the waves on which it was about to float, and the still skies that looked down upon it as calm as fate; they had recourse to every expedient which fear could invent. Steamers were sent out to marshal the way, puff-puff-puffing as they went; oil was cast, in plentiful libations, on the troubled waters, and fair winds bought from every old woman who sold them."

This is the first volume of a series of works designed at once to raise the character of novel-writers, and increase the number of novel-readers. Its cheapness, only six shillings, requires that the editor should admit nothing whose merits are insufficient to ensure a remunerative sale; and he gives this strongest security for the exercise of an honest discrimination. The very graceful volume before us, well printed, on good paper, neatly, indeed elegantly, bound, must sell by thousands to repay the enterprising publishers for the cost of its production. With pleasure we add, that such extensive circulation the first volume of the series well merits; and if the succeeding even approach its excellence, Mr. Leitch Ritchie will well deserve canonization in the literary calendar.

The scene of 'The Ghost-hunter' is laid in Ireland, and, from internal evidence we conclude, in the ancient city of Kilkenny. In it, Mr. Banim has put forth all the vigour that belonged to the old 'O'Hara Tales,' and avoided the weaknesses that sullied his subsequent efforts. He has gone back to Nature, and she has welcomed the return of her favourite child, with more than a mother's fondness. That our praise is not extravagant, will appear from the following scene in a prison, between a father and a son, whose imprudence had involved the whole family in a groundless accusation of having joined in a felony:—

"The door of the dungeon suddenly opened; men appeared at it, with lights; and Morris Brady, heavily bolted and handcuffed, was thrust in.

"There they are!" cried the jailor indignantly to the young man, as he pointed towards Randal and his wife; "your aged, and your good father and mother,—look at them!"

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"The lad stared at them almost stupidly. Without moving a step, he suddenly dropt on his knees, and extended his manacled hands. Supplication—miserable supplication for pardon was in his look, and on his haggard and bewil- dered features; but though his white lips moved, no word escaped him.

"They let him come to crave your last be- nediction, Randal," said the old woman, feebly and wildly, yet solemnly, "an' 'tis very good of them: and, Randal, *a-vourneen*, you won't let him depart out o' this life unblessed; he is a sinner—a poor sinner; but he is our son—your son, as well as my son: so, lay the father's hand on his head, and pray to God to bless him, for the last time."

"Come here to me, Morris," said the old man; "stand up, and come here to me."

"Suddenly, Morris found words—low, hoarse, heart-changed words.

"No, Sir, no; I will not stand up—but I will obey you, and come to you: and, clasping his hands, he moved on his knees towards his father, and remained still, a short distance be- fore him. 'Father, father!' he continued, 'do not lay your curse upon me! Hear one word from my mouth! Until this night fell—until Hester M'Farlane opened the door of the place where she had hid me—I did not know that the world called me a robber, or that my father was in jail thro' the fault of his son!'

"It was Hester that set him for the bailiffs," said the jailor.

"When she gave me leave to quit the dark hole where she had locked me in, then, father, she tould me what I had brought on you; an' she said too, that, thro' my doings, my sister Rose must hide her head from the world. Oh! may a curse from heaven fall!"

"Silence!" cried Randal Brady, loudly and sternly; "silence, wicked boy! Do you dare, to your father's face, and on your knees, to pray a curse from heaven upon a single human creature?"

The old man paused a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was gentle, and a little broken.

"Morris, my son, they tell me that I am to see you condemned, before the world, for stealing your neighbour's property; and I have the great fear on me that I am the father of a dis- graced daughter. I have little hope that your mother will live many days; it may come to pass that, during the remainder of my life, I shall be a woe-stricken old man—companion- less, childless—or worse than childless; but I must not let all that make me forget my duty as a Christian: and so, Morris,—putting his hand on the young man's lowly-bent head—'I lift up my voice, and I lift up my soul to heaven, and I say, may God vouchsafe to bless you still. If you are innocent, may He guide and help us to clear you, before the eyes of men; if you are guilty, may He give you the grace of a true re- pentance, and pardon you, and show you mercy in another world; and I say, too, for myself, no matter what happens, the Will of God be done—blessed be His name, for ever, and for ever!'

Randal's fellow-prisoners were grouped around him. Many of them were evil men, who had not prayed for years, nor uttered the Most Holy Name, save to profane it, yet all listened in deep silence; none scoffed at his pious, his unaffectedly pious resignation, under a heavy load of calamity; and when he had ended, more than one voice cried 'Amen' to his prayer and to his ejaculation, and more than one eye yielded him a tear."

The part of the book most likely to be re- garded as extravagant, is founded on a story very current in the south of Ireland. It is said, that an old woman entrusted with an important secret, in her impatience to detail it, told it to her cat, and was overheard by

the person from whom there was most reason that it should be concealed. Mr. Banim makes the most of this curious and characteristic story:—

"Aileen smoothed down her pet's back, and thus addressed it:

"*Musha*, then, pusheen-cat, my darlin', did id ever come to your knowledge what happened to myself this blessed day, of all days in the year, *a-lanna*?"

"Pusheen-cat" mewed softly in reply, and looked up into her benefactor's face.

"It's "no, in troth, Aileen my *cuishla*," you're sayin' to myself," continued Aileen.

"There was another assenting mew.

"Well, then, *a-lanna ma-chree*, listen to me, an' I'll speake it over to you."

The cat now gave a very soft mew, stretched out its paw, widely extended its claws, and first glancing upward, by way of agreement to Aileen's proposition, (so, at least, Aileen was pleased to interpret its language,) set up a continuous contented purr, or, as its mistress styled the sound, a '*cooramucsh crooanu*', and then half-closing its eyes, seemed pleasedly attentive to the tale it was about to hear.

Aileen went on.

"Pusheen, my own darlin' cat, I b'lieve that cats an' dogs, an' all other sorts o' people, as well as themselves, 'll have no dispute on the head o' saying that them boys is given to roguery in all kinds an' sizes. Bad sorrow may come over me, if I'm not thinkin' o' doin' penance on myself, by not goin' near one o' them, from this night out! But, of all the boys that ever come in my sight, Jim Brown, you bear the bell. Aye, in troth; even puttin' young Fennelly himself to the fore. You know, my darlin' pusheen, that I never can put my feet over the thrashold, that he doesn't make me pay turnpike, as he calls it; an' I'll tell you what's more, he takes turnpike on every road; no matter what street I turn my face into, up he comes, axin' turnpike, turnpike—aye, an' takin' id too, whether a body is willin' or not to pay him; an' more betoken, over again, my jewel, he thinks no more of id, in the face o' the noon day, than if it was pitch dark night."

"Well, pusheen-cat my *lanna*, Jimmy Brown bates young Fennelly out an' out, not in that way, but in regard o' bein' a curiosity of a boy; an' by this tail o' yours, that I hould in my hand, pusheen-cat, I'm given to thinkin' that it war'nt a boy o' the name o' Jerry Donelly I seen at the pattern last Sunday three weeks, but Jimmy Brown's own four bones."

"Well, again; what would you have of it, my duck-o'-dmonds? as sure as you're here, at your aise in my lap, I seen that ould weazole of a woman, Hester Bonnety, whisperin' and *culloguin* wid my *bouchaleen*, Master Jim; 'an,' says I, houlding discourse wid myself, 'I'll come to the bottom o' that *cuggerin* match, or I have no sense or rason; an' upon that, pusheen my *lanna*, I went peepin' an' sarchin', an' sure enough, I found out the letter, an' laid a good hout of id; an' my darlin'—"

"At this period of her narrative, while her tongue was full gleefully discharging the humour that had caused it to swell at the roots, and while her listener seemed to enjoy her long story with the utmost relish, a key suddenly and sharply turned in the lock of the kitchen-door; the door as suddenly opened, and James Brown stood before the astonished Aileen."

The tale is, perhaps, a little hurried towards the conclusion; but it is, taken as a whole, the best that has appeared this season:—no great praise, to be sure; for so proverbial is the dulness of 1832 likely to become, that the publishers for the last two months have post-dated their volumes, and transferred to 1833 some of the sins of its dying brother.

*Wacousta; or, The Prophecy—a Tale of the Canadas.* By the Author of *Ecarté*. 3 vols. London: Cadell.

This is the second novel, of which the scene is laid in Canada, that has come before us in the course of this month. Unfortunately, neither work touches on existing manners. In 'Bellegarde' we are introduced to the French Canadians at the breaking out of the first American war; 'Wacousta' refers to a still earlier period, and describes the dangers that the scattered British garrisons had to encounter from the inveterate hostility of the Indians, in the years that immediately succeeded the conquest of Quebec. The un- remonious transfer of their country and their allegiance, without the formality of asking their consent, was incomprehensible to the native tribes; they spurned claims that they could not understand, and when attempts were made to enforce their submission, they boldly resolved to drive the intruders from their soil. The Annual Registers and Magazines from the year 1760 to 1770, contain many curious particulars of the harassing warfare which the garrisons on the frontier line of both the Canadas, but more especially that of the upper province, had to maintain. Conjectures as to the cause of the fierce enmity of the Indians were just as numerous and as varied as the narratives of the war: spies from France were blamed by one journalist, jesuit missionaries were denounced by another, a third attributed all the mischief to the secret machinations of the French Canadians, and a fourth "wiser than all put together" asseverated that his holiness the Pope had formed a plan for the extirpation of Protestantism, and was resolved to begin his crusade on the banks of the Saint Lawrence. No one, however, ventured to state, that the true cause was the wretched system of colonial policy, then popular in England, which has been well characterized as a system of monstrous folly and atrocious injustice.

The toils, the difficulties, the dangers which the soldiers had to encounter were never appreciated in England; it was not supposed that the scattered garrisons were in a perpetual state of siege, that their labours of a single week often surpassed the hardships of an ordinary campaign; least of all was it imagined that more skill, more energy, and more steady wisdom were required to resist the uncivilized savages, than would have been demanded for a dozen campaigns in Flanders. History passes over in silence the many exertions, both of valour and prudence, by which the Canadas were secured to England; and this is, we believe, the first instance in which the subject has been made the theme of historic fiction. It is pleasing to find a soldier of the present day anxious to rescue from oblivion the exploits of military men which had sunk into unmerited obscurity; and to see an honourable anxiety in a brave man to record deeds of bravery that have not yet received their fair meed of fame.

The most common artifice of the Indians was to send a party into the garrison under pretence of negotiating, to distract the attention of the soldiers by their varied athletic sports, and when the cry of war was least expected, to raise the dreadful whoop, seize in an instant weapons which their wives held concealed beneath their blankets, and rush on the half-armed garrison. The savages

were, however, sometimes counterplotted, as in the following instance:—

"The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point, was now too powerful to be dissembled; and, incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage, and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort; and yet, even in that short space of time, its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life, and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms, was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece, bearing upon the gateway; and behind these were artillermen, holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets, that glittered in their rear. In the block-houses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible; while from the four angles of the square, as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away everything that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within; but from every window affording cover to the troops, gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed, at a distance of little more than twelve feet, directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard moreover held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuze that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners, and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the block-houses were similarly provided.

"Almost magic as was the change thus sud-

denly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the drawbridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around; yet paralysed in their movements by the unlooked-for display of a resisting force, threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. \* \* \* After the first general yelling heard in the council-room, not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless, that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes, as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary."

But the precautions of the governor at the Detroit were not imitated in all the English garrisons, and we shall now quote the description of a scene, in which the Indian stratagem was successful:—

"Hurry and confusion and despair were everywhere visible; for a band of Indians were already in the fort, and these, fast succeeded by others, rushed like a torrent into the square, and commenced their dreadful work of butchery. Many of the terrified soldiers, without thinking of drawing their bayonets, flew down the ramparts in order to gain their respective block-houses for their muskets; but these everywhere met death from the crashing tomahawk, short rifle, or gleaming knife:—others who had presence of mind sufficient to avail themselves of their only weapons of defence, rushed down in the fury of desperation on the yelling fiends, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and for some minutes an obstinate contest was maintained: but the vast superiority of the Indian

numbers triumphed; and although the men fought with all the fierceness of despair, forcing their way to the block-houses, their mangled corpses strewed the area in every direction. Neither was the horrid butchery confined to these. Women clinging to their husbands for protection, and, in the recklessness of their despair, impeding the efforts of the latter in their self-defence—children screaming in terror, or supplicating mercy on their bended knees—infants clasped to their parent's breasts,—all alike sunk under the un pitying steel of the blood-thirsty savages. At the guard-house the principal stand had been made; for at the first rush into the fort, the men on duty had gained their station, and, having made fast the barricades, opened their fire upon the enemy. Mixed pell-mell as they were with the Indians, many of the English were shot by their own comrades, who, in the confusion of the moment, were incapable of taking a cool and discriminating aim. These, however, were finally overcome. A band of desperate Indians rushed upon the main door, and with repeated blows from their tomahawks and massive war clubs, succeeded in demolishing it, while others diverted the fire of those within. The door once forced, the struggle was soon over. Every man of the guard perished; and their scalps and disfigured forms were thrown out to swell the number of those that already deluged the square with their blood."

The description of the solitary schooner on the Lake Huron, incessantly watched by the Indians, and owing its safety to exertions of vigilance almost superhuman, is an extraordinary picture of wild warfare. It is too long to be extracted, but we shall make room for the attempt to escape through the narrow channel of the Sinclair:—

"A deathlike silence prevailed throughout the decks of the little bark, as her bows, dividing the waters of the basin that formed its source, gradually immured into the current of that deep but narrow river; so narrow, indeed, that from its centre the least active of the mariners might have leaped without difficulty to either shore. This was the most critical part of the dangerous navigation. With a wide seaboard, and full command of their helm, they had nothing to fear; but so limited was the passage of this river, it was with difficulty that the yards and masts of the schooner could be kept disengaged from the projecting boughs of the dense forest that lined the adjacent shores to their very junction with the water. The darkness of the night, moreover, while it promised to shield them from the observation of the savages, contributed greatly to perplex their movements; for such was the abruptness with which the river wound itself round in various directions, that it required a man constantly on the alert at the bows to apprise the helmsman of the course he should steer, to avoid collision with the shores. Canopies of weaving branches met in various directions far above their heads, and through these the schooner glided with a silence that might have called up the idea of a Stygian freight. Meanwhile, the men stood anxiously to their guns, concealing the matches in their water-buckets as before; and, while they strained both ear and eye through the surrounding gloom to discover the slightest evidence of danger, grasped the handles of their cutlasses with a firm hand, ready to unsheathe them at the first intimation of alarm."

The schooner does not escape: she becomes entangled in the trees, is boarded by the Indians, and the crew ruthlessly massacred. The description of the vessel, after the battle is over, is powerful:—

"On either side of the river lines of streaming torches were waved by dusky warriors high above their heads, reflecting the grim counte-

nances, not only of those who bore them, but of dense groups in their rear, whose numbers were alone concealed by the foliage of the forest in which they stood. From the branches that wove themselves across the centre of the river, and the topmast and rigging of the vessel, the same strong yellow light, produced by the bark of the birch tree steeped in gum, streamed down upon the decks below, rendering each line and block of the schooner as distinctly visible as if it had been noon on the sunniest of those far distant lakes. The deck itself was covered with the bodies of slain men—sailors, and savages mixed together; and amid these were to be seen fierce warriors, reclining triumphantly and indolently on their rifles, while others were occupied in securing the arms of their captives with leathern thongs behind their backs."

The merits of this novel consist in the spirit of its historical pictures, which possess, at least, the consistency of truth. The writer displays no ordinary share of graphic power, and has the rare talent of "rendering a fearful battle in music." His descriptions of scenery are well executed, but unfortunately they are rare. The story itself is not very consistent or very probable, but it maintains its interest to the end.

*Johannice: a Poem. In two Cantos. Monday on Lord Byron, and other Poems.*  
By the Rev. John Dryden Pigott, Jun. B.A. London: Hatchard.

The people in whose fortunes the poet would interest us, are too little known, and they are too remote to awaken our curiosity: what care we for the sufferings or the triumphs of that horde of Bulgarians who shook the already tottering throne of Isaac Angelus? Neither verse nor prose can do anything for them. We must, in truth, regard this poem as a sort of experiment, which the muse of Mr. Pigott is making on the vigour of her wings, and, as the young heroes in Ossian tried the weight of their arms at first on the empty air, she imagines the Bulgarians will do as well as any other people to practise upon. We would advise the author to summon his muse from the summit of the Balkan, and give her an English task to perform. Our readers may however be curious to know how she has acquitted herself in the East: here is a specimen taken at random—that is, where the volume opened:—

In level space that opens far,  
All glorious with the glean of war,  
A city stands; of milk-white sheep  
The wand'rer's tent is circling seen;  
And many a steed curves around,  
You may know by a glance from his Tartar-bound.  
Sudden each rider hath check'd his rein,—  
Why anxious looks he o'er yonder plain!  
Scarce—scarce discern'd by mortal eye  
Flits an earth-born mote o'er the flaky sky!  
Now a living group, distinctly shown,  
Their friends, and the foremost faces known!  
They are sped; and enough by each visage guess'd,  
What move, when the heralds have told the rest!  
The fresh-peel'd skulls at their sides are borne—  
Emblems of Vengeance who may scorn?  
Then the doubt-clos'd gates are open flung,  
Then tale through the camp is hoarsely rung;  
Welcome the news,—the savage yell  
Of women's wildness rends the air,  
Untutor'd else its thoughts to tell,  
Alike in triumph or despair:  
One sentence brief the scene explains,—  
"A king conducts a king in chains!"

We would advise the author when he next ventures upon verse, to write a language more graphic and simple, and avoid prolixity: the tree of his fancy carries too many leaves. It might be as well too were he to be less startling in his manner, and to draw his characters with greater precision: he is not without warmth and impetuosity.

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*The Narrative of a Journey and Visit to the Metropolis of France, &c.* By George Clayton, Jun. 2nd edit. London: Clayton.

We have to express our deep regret that this clever little work should have arrived at a second edition without one word of courteous commendation from us. The writer, evidently a young man, brought up at *Rugby* we believe, is a little enthusiastic—a trifle too metaphysical for our taste—somewhat too deep in scholarship for ordinary readers; but he is of that fine poetical and philosophical temperament which sees “sermons in stones, and good [*or ill*] in everything.”

Mr. Clayton’s “Journal,” or, *Waste Book*, begins with some of those minute and graphic descriptions which are sure to awaken a personal interest in the reader. It appears, that his father, brother, and himself, having resolved to visit “the metropolis of France,” the rest of the family decided on domesticating, during their absence, at Brighton, and the whole party started together and arrived at that “fashionable and much frequented town, after an agreeable ride of seven hours.” Here they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. H.—, and due “preparations having been made” they embarked the next morning for “the French port of Dieppe.”—“As the pier receded from our view,” says the amiable writer, “we bade adieu to our friends by the waving of hats, and the customary motion of our hands, whilst, in spirit, and by ejaculatory prayer, we commended them to the protecting, &c.,”—Mr. Clayton, we suppose, being of opinion, with Long Tom Coffin, that those on sea are safer than those on land. “The day,” he observes, “was sunny and cloudless, the sea beautiful and calm,” in spite of which his friend, Mr. H.—, did not alter “a hue in the colour of his complexion,” thus “proving himself a good sailor.”

On arriving at Dieppe, Mr. Clayton observes:—

“The females wear large linen caps, of a conical and expansive magnitude, hanging down on each side of their face, extending laterally, from the cheek bone, beyond the back of the head, and perpendicularly in height above the pericranium, a foot; and downwards, in depth, as low as the shoulders.”

These, no doubt, are of the family of the Cappers, of the Foreign Office, of whom we have often heard mention. Mr. Clayton is equally particular in his description of the diligences, and all relating thereto; but he is a trifle too verbose, and we have two pages on this subject, only to inform us that, in spite of the conductor, they don’t go like lightning. “Respecting the boots of the postillions,” he observes, “the nearest comparison that I can make, is to a *japanne* *chimney-pot*, *surmounted by a cow REVERSED, with its top downwards.*” This, it must be admitted, is a little figurative, and, perhaps, obscure: we are puzzled to conceive what must be the shape of the boot-jack.

Mr. Clayton’s speculations on French farming are curious and instructive. One striking peculiarity, it appears, is placing the sheaves downwards. The reason assigned, that the ears of grain may not be moistened by rain, is, as shown by Mr. Clayton, absurd: “Provided the rain did never descend violently, or remain long in its continuance, the reason might carry with it some validity and conclusivity; but, should the pluvial torrent

precipitate strongly, &c., I apprehend, &c. the ears would contract an earthy taste, with the concomitancy of a disagreeable effluvium.” “The apples, too,” he observes, “are rather small in size, and of an acutous flavour,” which we take to be Clayton’s translation of *Crabbe*.

Our traveller was fortunate in the time of his arrival at Rouen:—

“The night, now far advanced, was warm, and brilliantly bright with the radiance of lunar and astral effulgence—a most lovely night—a death-like stillness prevailed all around; Morpheus presided over nature, sound asleep; and the fair moon, taking her nocturnal *promenade* along the cloudless, azure, and stellar canopy of heaven, walked in all the soft resplendency of her highest and brightest glory—the very night, according to the fictions, tales, and romance of *imagination’s* fantastic record, as would have suited a melancholic pensiveness, a sentimental solitude, a chivalrous spirit, bent on some Quixotic deed of brave adventure—just the night for maid and swain to woo and whisper love—a night, in fine, singularly congenial to those meditative reflections, and that peculiar, inexplicable, romantic, and musing order of phantasy, or impression, or feeling, which give to

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A local habitation and a name.”

Unfortunately, nothing comes of this. Mr. Clayton does not inform us whether he did the amorous or the Quixotic. We beg pardon, we should say Sir George Clayton, for he has *nighted* himself in this passage.

We are not sorry to arrive at Paris, for things “strange exceedingly” were seen by Sir George during his “tarriance” there—houses that, “in some instances,” he says, “run eight stories in ascent”—up their own stairs, we suppose. Of the Bourse, he observes:—

“The roof of this splendid edifice is constructed entirely of wrought iron and copper, and is so curiously and scientifically contrived, that *all danger is prevented which would be likely to arise from the dilating warmth of the summer’s solstitial heat.* \* \* \* On the whole, this grand Bourse far surpasses in its cleanliness, construction, sculpture, and paintings, the Royal Exchange of London; though it is but just, in making the comparison, to take into due and fair consideration, the advanced state of general science, the mechanical skill, and architectural improvement which have distinguished the period succeeding that when Sir Thomas Gresham laid the foundation, and raised the superstructure of our Royal Metropolitan Exchange, the renowned site and *rendezvous* of those consulting merchants, from whose profitable deliberations and prosperous enterprises have emanated those commercial operations, which have brought so much opulence, and spread so extensively the fame of this greatly renowned and glorious island of British industry, adventure, and wealth.”

This, we must observe, has often been said before, and in fewer words. It means, in plain English, that “the Exchange is against us.”

“The Louvre,” says Sir George, “contains an exceedingly magnificent and inestimably valuable assemblage of antiques, produced by the *Grecian*, *Roman*, and *Athenian* chisel”—Clayton’s Judgment of Paris beats them all!—“The floor is composed of highly polished oak, the planks of which were so ingeniously joined together, that, to the eye, they appeared in an *undulating* or *oblique* direction.” We rather wonder that “our father, who became quite a valetudinarian by excessive sea sickness,” was not *land* sick at the Louvre.

We are next informed that, at the *Jardin des Plantes*, “the menagerie and aviary compose one entire side of the garden, and contain *animals of all shapes and sizes.*” Sounds! how we should like to see an animal in the shape of a tea-pot, and the size of St. Paul’s. Not the least curiosity, however, must be the *Museum*, which, it appears, “is divided into floors, and these again are subdivided into rooms.” After this, we recommend Sir George to the *Livery*, he will be a capital member at “dividing the house.”

We have, heretofore, ventured to hint, that the amiable writer is, upon occasions, too stilted in his language. Thus, in describing the gardens at *Versailles*, he observes, there are “basins of translucent water, in which gold and silver fish *disport leapingly, with frolicsome and vaulting somersets,*” which means, after all, we suppose, only “eels over head.”

The approach to our wooden-legged friends at the *Hôtel des Invalides*, “by an *esplanade* planted with rows of poplars extending one hundred *feet*,” strikes us as singularly appropriate.

We learn, too, that “within the *Tuileries*”—which is “separated from the *palace du Carrousel* by an iron railing”—“were acted some of the most appalling, tragical, and ruthless scenes of the political and revolutionary drama of the *nineteenth century*”—[We rather think this should be the *eighteenth*; Sir George does not write for the age.] The gardens, with their umbrageous avenues of lofty trees, yielding a perspective of overpowering and bewitching impression, constitute the most fashionable promenade of all Paris, and, during fine weather, are thronged with the gay world, *corresponding* [query, *post paid*] with the *Hyde Park* and *Kensington Gardens* of the west end of *the metropolis of London!*”

Sir George is a little “unco-righteous,” and exceedingly indignant with a fellow traveller who offered to conduct him to the *theatres* “and other haunts of profligate frequentation.” His morality was equally offended at the churches—“half the profits arising from the use of the chairs” being given to the priests, he, as became a true Protestant, made a stand against such seats: he further observes, that, at *Notre Dame*—where, by the bye, he saw “portraits [very like, no doubt] of the patriarchs, prophets, evangelists, and apostles”—“the multitude being tired [of tedium] began to disperse;” he makes mention, too, of the *meagre* auditory, forgetting that it was Lent.

The Boulevards Mr. Clayton describes, as “wicked, horrible, and demoralizing”—“a scene which would have provoked the pious indignation of a *Nehemiah*, zealous for the glory of his God, to an *irascible state of choleric exacerbation*,” which means, we suppose, the “blue stage of” anger.

Mr. Clayton, however, is well pleased with the French system of police, which prevents an *influx of mendicity*; but, surely this is not christian charity—is not mendicity to have any *income*? He was equally so at *Père la Chaise*, where, we suppose, he must have been introduced to Bishop Dollond, as he incidentally mentions, that he there saw by “the eye of faith, through the telescope of sacred truth.” At the chapel, however, he and his friends were not a little alarmed; “an old woman came forward and bade us

by the horrible scowl of her aspect, and the significant intimation of her witch-like and withered hands, quickly to depart—which we did”—evidently mistaking the old lady for “the old gentleman.” From “grave to gay” is Mr. Clayton’s motto, and hence he and his friends return to the Palais Royal—then to the Bibliothèque, but, like poor Ross, in his *unsuccessful attempt to reach Repulse Bay*, they “were disappointed in the accomplishment of their attempt.” Mr. Clayton now visits the skeleton of the great whale, and with less than his usual philosophy asks, “what could man do, if conspired against by Leviathans?” Why, go half a quarter of a mile inland. Whatever the Scotch song may say, they can’t go

Whaly, whaly, up the bank, and whaly, whaly, down the brae.”

It was the intention of the party, after this, to have reached the “Militaire l’Ecole,” but it grew late, and they took a secondhand dinner, “about six o’clock P.M. in a restaurateur.”

“The inhabitants of Paris,” says Mr. Clayton, “though very populous numerically, are not so great in number as the population of London.” On their morals, he is severe; he was subjected, he says, to such “unjust chicanery,” that he recommends all, before they engage a bed, “to strike a price, and bargain for it,” which means, we suppose, that the Parisians try to make up your bed, and you must beat it down, and that Mr. Clayton is fond of down beds.

Our traveller now resolved to return to “his parental board” (he is evidently a chip of the old block), but we protest against the “truly christian man’s” lamentations about travelling on Sundays and days of rest, when he had the rest of the days to travel in. The gate at St. Omer’s “on its hinges grated, and forcibly reminded him of the deeds of chivalrous times;” it was evidently a grater for Clayton’s spice of the romantic. Amiens, too, it appears, is famed for the treaty there signed, “which established peace throughout England, and amongst the continental nations.”

On the arrival of the party at Calais, the weather was so tempestuous, that it was not until “after two hours patient delay” that they “procured a passage on board the French mail, outward bound for Dover.” The traveller availed himself of this delay to see one of Foote’s farces—“a brass plate, in the form of a foot, on the very spot where the restored monarch first planted his foot,” which, however, he neglects to add, did not take root.

From Dover, Mr. Clayton journeyed to Brighton, which, *mirabile dictu!* we are now informed, he had never visited before!! While changing horses, having determined on the relief of a walk, Mr. Clayton started, lost his way, and feared to have lost his coach, but, by a great run of luck, found he “had made so much speed, that he had actually shot five miles a-head,” which, we believe, exceeds any range of shot known to our engineers.

And now, overflowing with “impressions produced upon his mind by what he witnessed, in the affair of religion, during his sojourn at Paris,” Mr. Clayton seems to have had a call—but really without any call for it—and the remainder of his little volume is a song of praise and thanksgiving for the advantages he enjoys “in this country of evangelic pri-

vilege”—this “land of vision, where the true light shineth,” although he admits that there exists “among us too much of ‘Babylonish iniquity, Pharisaic inconsistency, Sadducean infidelity, Laodicean supineness, associated with an Athenian spirit of innovation and novelty in matters of religious belief, too near akin to Antinomian licentiousness.”

Mr. Clayton is somewhat too familiar in his illustrations on this subject; he talks, for instance, of the “protocol of heaven,” and of the battle that Christianity has yet to fight, “irrespective of the aid of an ecclesiastico-political establishment” for “conquest and a crown,” as if it were mere fight for five shillings a side. He acknowledges that, in this latter part of the work, he was becoming too excursive, “so that modesty [like a bailiff], as it were, touching his elbow mildly, asks a pause; and, at the same time, softly whispers in his ear the admonition, on the ground of the inexperience and adolescence of his age” to draw his “cursor, disjointed, and terminating reflections to a close,” which he does very effectively—“Now to, &c., for ever and ever. Amen and Amen.” Here we may imagine that the organ strikes up, Sir George pulls up his collar, passes his fingers through his hair, and descends from his imaginary pulpit in full twig, to dine with Mrs. Bugg, of Bickersbury, and her “truly pious” family. As he goes down the aisle, he pulls out a French watch, bought at the Palais Royal, takes snuff from a box purchased in the Rue St. Honoré, blows his aquiline with a true French nasal accent, makes a bow, which proves he is all over French polish, “and sallies into Cheap-side, or the Poultry, with the step, air, and look of the County Paris.”

Some bard has prophesied the author’s lot,

“The world forgetting—by the world forgot.”

And with this rhyme we must take French leave of Clayton’s Paris.

#### Flint’s History, &c. of the Mississippi Valley.

[Third Notice.]

THE christian, or white population of the Valley of the Mississippi, amounts to upwards of four millions of souls, increasing at the rate of two millions for every ten years. They are mostly cultivators of the soil: they enjoy excellent health. All that are neither idle nor unable to labour have a rustic profusion about them, which keeps them far removed from want; and, indeed, the soil furnishes so much more than is required, or can be exported, that abundance is one of the country complaints. The following description is interesting:

“The people of this valley are as thorough a combination and mixture of the people of all nations, characters, languages, conditions, and opinions, as can well be imagined. Scarcely a state in the Union, or a nation in Europe, but what has furnished us immigrants. Philosophers and noblemen have visited us from beyond the seas; some to study our natural history, or to contemplate a new people rising from the freshness of nature, over the fertile ruins of a once submerged world; or deluded here by the pastoral dreams of Rousseau, or Chateaubriand; or, in the sample of the savages to study man in a state of nature.

“The much greater proportion of the immigrants from Europe are of the poorer classes, who come here from hunger, poverty, oppression, and the grinding vassalage of crowded and miserable tenants of an aristocratic race, born to the inheritance of the soil, and all the com-

forts and hopes of present existence. They find themselves here with the joy of shipwrecked mariners, cast on the untenanted woods, and instantly become cheered with the invigorating hope of being able to build up a family and a fortune from new elements. ‘The north has given to us, and the south has not kept back.’ The puritan and the planter, the German and the Irishman, the Briton and the Frenchman, each with their peculiar prejudices and local attachments, and the complicated and inwoven tissue of sentiments, feelings, and thoughts, that country, and kindred, and home, indelibly combine with the web of our youthful existence, have here set down beside each other. The merchant, mechanic, and farmer, each with their peculiar prejudices and jealousies, have found themselves placed by necessity in the same society. Mr. Owen’s grand engine of circumstances begins to play upon them. Men must cleave to their kind, and must be dependent upon each other. Pride and jealousy must give way to the natural yearnings of the human heart for society. They begin to rub off mutual prejudices. One takes a step, and then the other. They meet half way, and embrace; and the society thus newly organized and constituted, is more liberal, enlarged, unprejudiced, and of course more affectionate and pleasant, than a society of people of *unique* birth and character, who bring all their early prejudices, as a common stock, to be transmitted as an inheritance in perpetuity.

“The rough, sturdy, and simple habits of the backwoodsmen, living in that plenty, which depends only on God and nature, being the preponderating cast of character in the western country, have laid the stamina of independent thought and feeling deep in the breasts of this people. A man accustomed only to the fascinating, but hollow intercourse of the polished circles in the Atlantic cities, at first feels a painful revulsion, when mingled with this more simple race. But he soon becomes accustomed to the new order of things; and if he have a heart to admire simplicity, truth, and nature, begins to be pleased with it. He respects a people, where a poor but honest man enters the most aristocratic mansion with a feeling of ease and equality.

“It may readily be supposed, that among such an infinite variety of people, so recently thrown together, and scarcely yet amalgamated into one people, and in a country, where the institutions are almost as fresh and simple as the log houses, any very distinctive national character could hardly yet be predicated of the inhabitants. Every attentive observer, however, discriminates the immigrants from the different nations, and even from the different states of our own country. The people of Ohio and Indiana, for example, have a character somewhat distinct from that of the other western states. That of the former, especially, is moulded, as a very fair sample of the New England and New Jersey patterns. In the latter this character is blended, not merged with the manners, opinions, and dialect of Kentucky. Illinois, though a free state, has a clear preponderance of Kentucky nationality. Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, the upper part of Alabama and Arkansas, have distinct manners in which the nationality of Kentucky is the ground colour. The country, still more south, peopled with large planters of cotton and sugar cane, with numerous gangs of slaves, have the peculiar manners, that have naturally grown out of their condition. On these states too, especially on Louisiana, we begin to discern the distinct impress and influence of French temperament and manners. These shades of difference are very distinctly visible to persons, who have been long and intimately acquainted with the people of the different regions, where they are marked.”

On their character as Christians, our author dwells with something approaching to complacency. He regrets, indeed, the absence of the church-going bell, and the want of permanent institutions; but observes, that, except in Louisiana, there is everywhere else abundance of some kind of preaching. Should a traveller approach a village in a dress resembling the clerical, he is instantly hailed as a preacher, and asked if he wishes to announce a sermon to the people. Mr. Flint thinks well of the wandering clergy:—

"There are stationary preachers in the towns, particularly in Ohio. But in the rural congregations through the western country beyond Ohio, it is seldom that a minister is stationary for more than two months. A ministry of a year in one place may be considered beyond the common duration. Nine tenths of the religious instruction of the country is given by people who itinerate, and who are, with very few exceptions, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, men of great zeal and sanctity. These earnest men, who have little to expect from pecuniary support, and less from the prescribed reverence and influence, which can only appertain to a stated ministry, find, at once, that everything depends upon the cultivation of popular talents. Zeal for the great cause, mixed, perhaps, imperceptibly, with a spice of earthly ambition, and the latent emulation and pride of our natures, and other motives, which unconsciously influence, more or less, the most sincere and the most disinterested, the desire of distinction among their contemporaries and their brethren, and a reaching struggle for the fascination of popularity, goad them on to study all the means and arts of winning the people. Travelling from month to month through dark forests, with such ample time and range for deep thought, as they amble slowly on horseback along their peregrinations, the men naturally acquire a pensive and romantic turn of thought and expression, as we think, favourable to eloquence. Hence, the preaching is of a highly popular cast, and its first aim is to excite the feelings.—Hence, too, excitements, or in religious parlance, 'awakenings,' are common in all this region. Living remote, and consigned the greater part of the time, to the musing loneliness of their condition in the square clearing of the forest, or the prairie; when they congregate on these exciting occasions, society itself is a novelty, and an excitement. The people are naturally more sensitive and enthusiastic, than in the older countries. A man of rude, boisterous, but native eloquence, rises among these children of the forest and simple nature, with his voice pitched upon the tones, and his utterance thrilling with that awful theme, to which each string of the human heart everywhere responds; and while the woods echo his vehement declamations, his audience is alternately dissolved in tears, awed to profound feeling, or falling in spasms. This country opens a boundless theatre for strong, earnest, and unlettered eloquence; and the preacher seldom has extensive influence, or usefulness, who does not possess some touch of this power."

The following description is in a spirit which we like: how differently an English lady and an American gentleman have viewed the same sort of scene,—the latter is more to our taste:—

"Such are the preachers. The line of tents is pitched; and the religious city grows up in a few hours under the trees, beside the stream. Lamps are hung in lines among the branches; and the effect of their glare upon the surrounding forest is, as of magic. The scenery of the most brilliant theatre in the world is a painting only for children, compared with it. Meantime the

multitudes, with the highest excitement of social feeling added to the general enthusiasm of expectation, pass from tent to tent, and interchange apostolic greetings and embraces, and talk of the coming solemnities. Their coffee and tea are prepared, and their supper is finished. By this time the moon, for they take thought to appoint the meeting at the proper time of the moon, begins to show its disk above the dark summits of the mountains; and a few stars are seen glimmering through the intervals of the branches. The whole constitutes a temple worthy of the grandeur of God. An old man, in a dress of the quaintest simplicity, ascends a platform, wipes the dust from his spectacles, and in a voice of suppressed emotion, gives out the hymn, of which the whole assembled multitude can recite the words,—and an air in which every voice can join. We should deem poorly of the heart, that would not thrill, as the song is heard, like the 'sound of many waters,' echoing among the hills and mountains. Such are the scenes, the associations, and such the influence of external things upon a nature so 'fearfully and wonderfully' constituted, as ours, that little effort is necessary on such a theme as religion, urged at such a place, under such circumstances, to fill the heart and the eyes. The hoary orator talks of God, of eternity, a judgment to come, and all that is impressive beyond. He speaks of his 'experiences,' his toils and travels, his persecutions, and welcomes, and how many he has seen in hope, in peace, and triumph, gathered to their fathers; and when he speaks of the short space that remains to him, his only regret is, that he can no more proclaim, in the silence of death, the mercies of his crucified Redeemer.

"There is no need of the studied trick of oratory, to produce in such a place the deepest movements of the heart. No wonder, as the speaker pauses to dash the gathering moisture from his own eye, that his audience are dissolved in tears, or uttering the exclamations of penitence. Nor is it cause for admiration, that many, who poised themselves on an estimation of higher intellect, and a nobler insensibility, than the crowd, catch the infectious feeling, and become women and children in their turn; and though they 'came to mock, remain to pray.'

The pursuits of the people are slightly touched upon: their wanderings on the Ohio and the Mississippi, shooting deer, or conveying their grain to distant markets, might furnish materials for a romance. We must take one clever picture from Mr. Flint's gallery, and hang it up in our pages.

"All the toil, and danger, and exposure, and moving accidents of this long and perilous voyage, are hidden, however, from the inhabitants, who contemplate the boats floating by their dwellings on beautiful spring mornings, when the verdant forest, the mild and delicious temperature of the air, the delightful azure of the sky of this country, the fine bottom on the one hand, and the romantic bluff on the other, the broad and smooth stream rolling calmly down the forest, and floating the boat gently forward, present delightful images and associations to the beholders. At this time there is no visible danger, or call for labour. The boat takes care of itself; and little do the beholders imagine, how different a scene may be presented in half an hour. Meantime, one of the hands scrapes a violin, and the others dance. Greetings, or rude defiances, or trials of wit, or proffers of love to the girls on the shore, or saucy messages, are scattered between them and the spectators along the banks. The boat glides on, until it disappears behind the point of wood. At this moment, perhaps, the bugle, with which all the boats are provided, strikes up its note in the distance over the water. These scenes, and these notes, echoing from the bluffs of the beautiful Ohio, have a charm for the imagination, which, although heard a thousand

times repeated, at all hours, and in all positions, present the image of a tempting and charming youthful existence, that naturally inspires a wish to be a boatman."

We have been both pleased and instructed by the perusal of these volumes. They are the work of a clever clear-headed man, who is haunted with no sublime visions of Transatlantic perfectibility, and who sees, and judges, and feels for himself. He is more over honest and eloquent, and the latter is as much his own as the former: he is easy, and generally unaffected, and not at all studious to say grand things, or send to the printer fine turned and silver sounding periods, like writers whom we could name on both sides of the Atlantic. We think, however, that the second volume of his work is not at all equal to the first, either in information or interest. It is too general in its details and descriptions: the space was too small; he ought to have taken as much room for the rest of his country's vales as he has done for the Mississippi, and so laid us under a lasting obligation.

*Twenty-five Years in the Rifle Brigade.* By the late William Surtees, Quartermaster.

Edinburgh, Blackwood; London, Cadell.

To talk over his battle-fields was ever the allowed privilege of an old soldier; and after the glorious campaigns of this century, our brave veterans may, with some justice, claim a right to a larger auditory than a domestic circle. We, however, as civilians, must acknowledge that we take little interest in military memoirs, except so far as they are rich in personal anecdote and personal experiences—and the public, we suspect, agree with us, and therefore it is that the narratives of Subalterns and Privates have generally been better welcomed than the more scientific details of their superior officers.

The writer of the present work belongs to the former class—he entered the army as a common soldier, and advanced by progressive steps to be quartermaster;—but it is impossible to read the many testimonials and letters from his superior officers, printed in the Appendix, received by him, when, after more than a quarter of a century, ill health compelled him to retire from the service, without a feeling of respect for so good a man and so brave a soldier.

We shall not pretend to offer anything like a review of such a work, but cull here and there a few scattered anecdotes—and, as the writer was on active service, from the melancholy campaigns in Holland to the close of the Peninsular war, we need not add that there are abundant for our purpose. We shall here give a few from his first campaign in Holland. His division was ordered to advance upon Hoorn.

"We moved off as it became dark, but such was the state of the roads that it became the most trying and distressing march that I believe ever troops undertook; the roads were literally knee deep in mud in most places, while every now and then they were rendered nearly impassable, both by the enemy having broken down the bridges over the innumerable canals and dikes which intersect this country, and these canals in many places having overflowed their banks. None but those who have experienced this or something similar, can form an idea of the fatigue attending a night march in such a country, where the column is large. \* \* \* About break of day we reached the city,

which at once surrendered; but just before daylight, I became so excessively weary that I could not continue in the ranks any longer; indeed men had been dropping out for some hours before, so that, I suppose, when the head of the column reached Hoorn, one half the number had fallen out; for it was beyond the powers of human nature to sustain such excessive fatigue. I, with two or three others, got behind a house that stood by the roadside, and laid ourselves down on a paved footpath which led from the back-door. Never in my life did I experience a greater luxury than this appeared to be, where something hard, and that would keep me out of the deep and filthy mire could be found to rest upon."

The close of his first battle:—

"I do not remember ever to have felt more fatigued than I did after this day's work. We had marched before commencing the action, I should think, twelve miles or more. We had been kept upon the run the greater part of the day, and had fought over nearly as much more ground, through loose sand, sometimes nearly up to the middle of the leg, and over ground so extremely uneven, that a few miles of leisurely walking on such, would be more than I should be able to accomplish now; and we had been nearly all the day deprived of every sort of liquid, for our canteens were soon emptied of what little they contained in the morning, and having myself fired nearly 150 rounds of ammunition, the powder of which, in biting off the ends of the cartridges, had nearly choked me. What would I not have given for a good drink? I felt completely exhausted, and laid me down with the others with great good-will on the top of one of the sand-hills. But the night proved extremely wet, so that every one of us was very soon as completely soaked as if he had been dragged through a river; and, to crown my misfortunes, I was without a blanket. • • •

"An officer of ours of the name of Lacy, who had formerly been the captain of the Northumberland light company, and who volunteered with us, offered any man half a guinea for the use of a blanket for that night only, but without being able to obtain one: this will give some idea of the kind of night it was. I had nothing for it, but just to put the cock of my musket between my knees, to keep it as dry as possible, and lay myself down as I was. I endeavoured to get as close as I could to one who had a blanket, and lay down with my head at his feet, which he had covered up very comfortably with his blanket. The rain pelted so heavily and so incessantly on my face, that I ventured after a while to pull a little corner of this man's blanket just to cover my cheek from the pitiless storm, and in this situation snatched a comfortable nap; but he awakening in the night, and finding that I had made free with the corner of his blanket, rudely pulled it from off my face, and rolled it round his feet again.

"I was fain to lie still and let it pelt away, and even in this exposed situation I got some sleep, so completely were the powers of nature exhausted by fatigue. At length morning arose and showed us to ourselves, and such a group of sweeps we had seldom seen. Our clothing was literally all filth and dirt: our arms the colour of our coats with rust; and our faces as black as if we had come out of a coal-pit. In biting off the ends of the cartridges, there are generally a few grains of powder left sticking on the lips and about the mouth; these, accumulated as they must have been by the great quantity of ammunition each of us had fired, and with the profuse perspiration we were in during the heat of the day, added to the wet which fell upon us during the night, had caused the powder to run all over our faces; so that in the morning we cut the most ludicrous figure imaginable. However we immediately set about

getting our arms again in trim, for though the enemy had left us masters of the field of action, they were not far distant from us. We soon got our firelocks again in fighting order; that is, they would go off, though the brightness, on which a clean soldier piques himself, was gone past recovery at this time. I now felt rather sore from firing my piece so often; the recoil against my shoulder and breast had blackened them, and rendered them rather painful, and the middle finger of my right hand was completely blackened and swollen from the same cause."

Dreadful as the privations and sufferings of our brave fellows appear to have been on this occasion, they were all encountered voluntarily and from affection:—

"A girl, who had followed a grenadier belonging to my regiment when he volunteered out of the militia, accompanied her protector during the whole of this day's operations, and shared equally with him every danger and fatigue to which he was exposed, and no argument could prevail upon her to leave him till the whole business was over, and till the battalion to which her sweetheart belonged was sent to the rear at night."

A curious and interesting incident is mentioned relating to the capture of the French eagle at the battle of Barossa:—

"I understand, when the 87th charged, Ensign Keogh of that regiment made the first attempt to wrench the eagle from the officer who carried it; but in so doing he was run through by several of those who supported it, and fell lifeless to the ground. Sergeant Masterson of that regiment then dashed at it, and was more fortunate, by succeeding in securing it. • • • There is something rather extraordinary and very interesting in the story of the eagle and the 8th regiment, if it be true, and which I see no reason to doubt. They were one of the regiments, it is said, which were engaged at Talavera, and were particularly distinguished; and it is further said, that the 87th was one of the regiments opposed to them, and over which they gained some advantage; that is, the French troops caused the British brigade, in which the 87th was serving, to retire with considerable loss; and that it was for their conduct in this action that Bonaparte had placed a golden wreath of laurel round the neck of the regimental eagle with his own hand. If such was the case, it is most remarkable that the very regiment by whom they should have obtained this honour, should be the regiment that deprived them of their eagle, which had been so highly honoured. But here, poor fellows, although they did not lose their honour, they lost very nearly the whole regiment; for out of 1400 which entered the field, not more than 200 of them entered Chiclana after the action. Indeed I never witnessed any field so thickly strewed with dead as this plain was after the action; and I feel confident, and all accounts agree in confirming the opinion, that the loss of the French on this occasion was little short of 3000 men; ours was almost 1250. Here then we have loss of 4000 men in about an hour and a half, out of about 12,000 which composed the two armies."

We are so pressed with new works this week, that we can only find room for one or two other anecdotes. A very honourable one is told of his commanding officer:—

"During our stay at Brabourne Lees, a circumstance occurred which called forth an exhibition of as great magnanimity, on the part of Colonel Beckwith, as I almost ever remember to have witnessed: We had received about 200 Irish volunteers, who were wild and ungovernable in the extreme; a party of these, in strolling about one day, had fallen in with Mrs. Beck-

with, with her maid and child taking a walk along the Ashford road. Not knowing, I imagine, who the lady and her maid were, they set on and assaulted them in the most violent and outrageous manner, proceeding to such lengths as perhaps delicacy forbids to mention. It was, I believe, discovered who they were. Accordingly the next day, the Colonel formed the battalion into a square, and proceeded to relate the circumstance to the regiment; 'But,' says he, 'although I know who the ruffians are, I will not proceed any farther in the business, because it was my own wife that they attacked; but, had it been the wife of the meanest soldier in the regiment, I solemnly declare I would have given you every lash which a court-martial might have sentenced you.' Such a trait of generous forbearance is not often met with; but by this, and similar instances of liberal feeling, he completely gained the heart of every soldier in the battalion, a thing not always attainable by very excellent commanding-officers."

Another is not the less worthy of being recorded that it relates to a brave enemy. The writer is speaking of the siege of Cadiz:—

"On another occasion an attack was made by our people on the Trocadero itself. • • • They reached the place where it was said the French craft was lying, and fired a considerable number of rockets, but without being able to effect anything farther than burning one boat, I believe. As they were returning, however, they met the French commander, who had been down to the point in a light boat, and he, like a brave fellow, determined to run completely the gauntlet rather than return, keeping as close in shore, however, as possible. The whole of our gun-boats fired at him as he passed, and knocked the water up about him in all directions without ever once touching him, although, to look at him, one would have imagined it impossible he could escape; but here the old soldier's adage was verified, for there was still more room to miss than to hit him, and he accordingly escaped scot-free."

We may hereafter continue our extracts.

LARDNER'S CABINET CYCLOPÆDIA.  
*History of England.* By the Right Hon. Sir James Mackintosh. Vol. III.

Two thirds of the present volume were completed before the death of the distinguished writer; and we are happy to hear that the various manuscripts and memoranda left by him relating to the *History of England*, have been purchased by the proprietors, and will be used as required in the progress of the work. The continuator of such a work, even with these aids and appliances, must labour under many disadvantages; but we are happy to see that he is imbued with the same feelings and opinions as his predecessor; and certainly the concluding chapters of the present volume are very ably written.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'Twenty-four Tales of the English Church.'—There is no romance in church history, properly considered. We do not like, therefore, the plan or title of this little volume. What the author terms filling up the outline, ought not to be done; where the more distinct the outline is kept, the better. The food which church history gives, is also too strong for young minds, which are habitually inclined, strange as it may seem, to controversy on the one side, and enthusiasm on the other—dispositions to which church history, read at too early a period, is sure to minister unhealthy nourishment.

*Sermons preached in the Chapel of Rugby School, with an Address before Confirmation, by Thomas Arnold, D.D.*—These sermons, considering the parties to whom they were addressed, are truly admirable; they are plain, sensible, practicable; the writer's style is kind and conciliating—full of gentleness and affectionate earnestness; and his sermons would be, in our judgment, among the very best discourses that could be read by a father of a family after domestic prayer.

*The Modern Sabbath Examined.*—This is a candidly written volume, but there are many arguments in it which would admit of forcible replies. Respecting, therefore, as we do, both the ability and excellent temper of the author, we must leave his work to the examination of those who, from duty or inclination, may be likely to canvass his views. He is evidently a man of thought and reading, and whenever such men write on controverted questions, some good, some novel, and some practically useful opinions are to be looked for. These will be occasionally met with in the work before us, and it therefore merits a place among the numerous treatises which have been written on the same subject.

*The Happy Week; or, Holydays at Beechwood,*—is a very admirable little book for young masters and misses. The Miss Corbets have already in the 'Cabinet for Youth,' proved themselves very amiable and intelligent children's friends. Their present work has the same benevolent object, and will meet, we have no doubt, with equal success. Though it was intended for students varying from seven to fourteen years of age, we are not ashamed to confess, that we have enjoyed the whole week's Holydays as much as the youngest—have laughed as much at the jokes, and been as interested with the stories. Altogether, we can recommend it as worthy to occupy a prominent place in every Juvenile Library.

*Sketches of Birds in short Enigmatical Verses, by Samuel Roper.*—We care very little about the enigmatical verses; but the illustrative anecdotes, which occupy about five-sixths, of the whole work, are likely to interest young people.

*A Practical Treatise on Cholera as it has appeared in various parts of the Metropolis,* by Alexander Tweedie, and Charles Gaselee, M.R.C.S.—A summary of the observations made in the Cholera Hospitals superintended by the writers. The work is valuable, as all contributions of facts must be—and we fear, that, whoever shall undertake to write the history of the Cholera in England, will find that, multitudinous as works on this subject have been, there is a lamentable paucity of facts in them.

*Butler's Medicine Chest Directory, and Family Catalogue of Drugs, Chemicals, &c.*—We are not very partial to popular treatises on medicine. This, however, is as good as any of the class, perhaps better.

#### ORIGINAL PAPERS

OCEANIDES. No. I.  
THE OUTWARD-BOUND SHIP.  
BY MRS. FLETCHER.

(Late Miss Jessbury.)

SHE is on her way, a goodly ship,  
With her tackles loosed, her pilot gone;  
Behind, beneath, around, the deep,  
And far the land where she beareth on:  
Fading, fast fading, yonder lie  
The last of her home, the hills of Devon,  
And the brightness and calm of a Sabbath sky  
Have made them shine like the gates of heaven.

To those who watch her from the strand,  
She is but a cloud 'mid sea and air!  
—And having gazed, perchance the band  
Move onward with a languid prayer.

Yet is she vast from deck to keel,  
A city moving on the waters,  
Freighted with business, woe and weal,  
Freighted with England's sons and daughters.

The sea is round them: many a week  
They o'er that deep salt sea must roam,  
And yet the sounds of land will break  
The spell, and send their spirits home;  
The cry of prisoned household bird,  
Shrill mingling with the boatswain's call;  
With surge and sail, the lowing herd,  
And hark—street music over all!

"Arouse thee," from the bugle's mouth,  
And with the merry viol's aid,  
Tunes gathered from the north and south,  
For dance and dinner signals made:  
Harsh music to the gifted ear,  
Teasing, perhaps, heard day by day,  
Yet often precious, often dear,  
As waking dreams of—Far away.

Alas! the sea itself wakes more!  
With its briny smell and heaving breast,  
With its length and breadth without a shore,  
With its circling line from east to west,  
Telleth it not of home, of earth,  
With her rills, and flowers, and steadfastness,  
Till sick thoughts in the soul have birth,  
And loath'd is the foaming wilderness?

No more, no more: we are on our way:  
The tropics are gained, and who would pine  
For the pallid sun of an English day?

For the glittering cold of its night's moon-shine?

No more, no more—why pine for flowers,  
If duty our Indian amaranth be?  
If we look to the land that shall soon be ours,  
A land where is "no more sea"?

Off Madeira, Oct. 6, 1832.

#### DR. SPURZHEIM.

JOHN GASPAR SPURZHEIM was born on the 31st of December, 1776, at the village of Longvich, near the city of Treves, on the Moselle. His father was a farmer. Being designed by his friends for the profession of theology, he was sent to finish his education at the celebrated University of Treves. In consequence of the war in 1799, the students were dispersed, and Spurzheim removed to Vienna, where he became a tutor in a private family. In this capacity, he first became acquainted with Dr. Gall, the founder of the craniological doctrine, as it was then called; and in the year 1800, attended, for the first time, the private course of lectures which Dr. Gall had been occasionally in the habit of giving, at his own residence, for four years past. Convinced that the principles advocated by Gall were founded in truth, and allured by the wide and uncultivated field of original research opened to his view, Spurzheim devoted himself particularly to anatomy and physiology; and having completed his studies, in 1804, became the associate and fellow-labourer of Dr. Gall. Previous to the commencement of this connexion, Gall had developed the principal points in the philosophy of his system, which may be shortly stated to be—firstly, that the moral qualities and intellectual faculties are innate; secondly, that their exercise or their manifestation depends upon the organization; thirdly, that the brain is the organ of all the propensities, mental emotions, and intellectual faculties; fourthly, that the brain consists of as many separate organs as there are propensities, feelings, and faculties, essentially differing from each other; and fifthly, that the form of the head or cranium represents, in the majority of cases, the form of the brain, and suggests varied means of ascertaining the primary qualities and faculties, and the situations of their organs. Besides the development of these principles, Dr. Gall had pointed out the localities of the

principal organs, and laid the foundation of his new anatomy of the brain.

Drs. Gall and Spurzheim thus associated, unintermittingly pursued their inquiries; maturing their ideas, combating objections, multiplying observations, and examining the true structure of the brain. To this last department it is understood that Spurzheim's attention was, at this time, chiefly directed. In 1805, Dr. Gall was ordered to discontinue teaching his doctrine, or to quit Vienna; he chose the latter alternative, and with his associate set out on a journey through Europe. They visited the principal cities in Germany and the north of Europe, and arrived at Paris in 1807. In 1808, they presented a joint memoir, on the anatomy of the brain, to the Institute; and in their work, they first described the true structure of the convolutions, and their connexion with the rest of the cerebral mass. Shortly after, they commenced and proceeded, jointly, in their great work, entitled, "The Anatomy and Physiology of the Nervous System, in general, and of the Brain in particular; with observations upon the possibility of ascertaining several intellectual and moral dispositions of man and animals, by the configuration of their heads." 4 vols. in folio, with an atlas of 100 plates. During the publication of this magnificent work, some disagreement, it is alleged, occurred between the authors; and the work, which was not completed until 1819, was continued by Gall singly.

In 1814, Dr. Spurzheim visited England, and by his lectures and writings disseminated a knowledge of phrenology, as he now termed the science, and rendered its principles in some degree popular. A most virulent attack was now made, on the doctrine and its authors, by the late Dr. John Gordon, in the 49th number of the Edinburgh Review. "We look," says Dr. Gordon, "upon the whole doctrines, taught by these two modern peripatetics, (Drs. Gall and Spurzheim,) anatomical, physiological, and physiognomical, as a piece of thorough quackery, from beginning to end; they are a collection of mere absurdities, without truth, connexion, or consistency, which nothing could have induced any man to have presented to the public, under pretence of instructing them, but absolute insanity, gross ignorance, or the most matchless assurance." To this criticism, Dr. Spurzheim published a calm and temperate reply.

In 1817 he returned to Paris, and revisited England in 1825. Until his departure for America, he continued to give lectures in the principal cities of England, Ireland, and Scotland; and occasionally, during this period, passed his time at Paris. About the time of his return to England, he married a French lady, but three or four years afterwards had the misfortune to lose his wife; she left no children.

During his residence in England, Dr. Spurzheim published the following works, some of which have passed through several editions—  
1. The new Physiognomical System. 2. Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mind. 3. Philosophical Principles of Phrenology. 4. Outlines of Phrenology. 5. Elementary Principles of Education. 6. Examination of the Objections made in Great Britain against Phrenology. 7. Observations on Insanity. 8. Illustrations of Phrenology, in connexion with the Study of Physiognomy. 9. A Catechism of Man. 10. The Anatomy of the Brain.

Some of the views, taken in these works by Dr. Spurzheim, differ from those advanced in the writings of Gall; and to the list of organs, given by the latter, Dr. S. has added nine others. To these, he has given the names of Inhabitiveness, Conscientiousness, Hope, Marvellousness, Size, Weight or Resistance, Order, Eventuality, and Time.

A few months since, Dr. Spurzheim departed for the American continent, and having arrived

at Boston, commenced a series of lectures. He had finished his course, with the exception of the concluding lecture, when he was prevented from continuing by severe indisposition, of which there had previously been some striking indication. His strength was evidently exhausted, the last time he appeared in public; and when he announced his concluding lecture for a future evening, having, in the meantime, been obliged to change his place of lecturing, and not having decided where he should assemble his hearers the next time, but desiring to consult their wishes, he inquired of them "In what place shall we meet the next time?" a question, which the event proved to be of sad and foreboding import. He did not live to meet those friends again, as he and they had fondly anticipated. The indisposition (continued fever) under which he was then suffering, gradually assumed a more severe character, and unhappily, the state of his feelings produced a reluctance to call in medical aid, in the early stage of his illness; added to which, was that inevitable anxiety of mind, which preys on the physical constitution in everyone situated as he was, alone, and far remote from his native land. At length, his physical powers, strong as they appeared to be, yielded to the disease, which, perhaps, operated also with augmented strength upon a constitution of great susceptibility, and in a climate to which it was not habituated. This eminent man breathed his last on the 10th of November, 1832.

The funeral took place on the 17th of November, on which occasion, after the prayer, an eulogy was pronounced by Dr. Jollen, the German Professor of Harvard University, and an ode by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, inserted in our last number, was sung.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

AMONG all the advertisements of the *Quarterly Review*, there are but few announcements of new books. The elections of members for the Reformed Parliament engage the attention of the three kingdoms at present, and nothing will be regarded which is unconnected with politics. There is one passage, however, in the *Quarterly*, which we read with more than common pleasure. "The present Chancellor of England," says the reviewer, "has placed the patronage of all his livings below the value of 200*l.* per annum at the disposal of the bishops in their respective dioceses. When one of the richest pieces of preferment in his gift, a prebendal stall at Bristol, worth, perhaps, 500*l.* per annum, became vacant, he sought out an humble, learned, pious man, without birth or interest, a man whom all other ministers and chancellors had overlooked, and permitted to remain in obscurity and indigence—a man, nevertheless, whom all Europe had long delighted to honour—Professor Lee; and on him he bestowed it. Dr. Croly, too, so eminent, among his multifarious accomplishments, for theological learning, has received, we are told, in his fiftieth year, his first benefit at the same hand." Well may the *Quarterly* eulogize a man so little of a self-seeker. There is, however, one, a learned and a worthy man, Cary, the translator of Dante, whose genius would not dishonour preferment.

In *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, there is a curious account current between Constable & Co. and Sir Walter Scott, and a case for the consideration of lawyers submitted—whether the bankruptcy of the bookseller did not dissolve the bargain made with Balaunce, on behalf of the author, for the novel

of 'Woodstock'; there is a still more curious paper, on the Genius of Scott, by Miss Harriet Martineau. The following passage will make many stare, who thought Dandie Dinmont, Andrew Fairservice, Cudie Headrigg, and others, belonged to the humble classes.

"What is there of humble life in his narratives? What did he know of those who live and move in that region? Nothing. There is not a character from humble life in all his library of volumes; nor had he any conception that character is to be found there. By humble life, we do not mean Edie Ochiltree's lot of privileged mendicity, nor Dirk Hatteraick's smuggling adventures, nor the Saxon slavery of Gurther, nor the feudal adherence of Dougal, and Caleb Balderstone, and Adam Woodcock, nor the privileged dependence of Caxon and Fairservice. None of these had anything to do with humble life; each and all formed part of the aristocratic system, in which Walter Scott's affections were bound up. Jeanie Deans herself, besides being no original conception of Sir Walter's, derives none of her character or interest from her station in life, any further than as it was the occasion of the peculiarity of her pilgrimage. We never think of Jeanie as poor, or low in station. Her simplicity is that which might pertain to a secluded young woman of any rank; and it is difficult to bear in mind—it is like an extraneous circumstance, that her sister was at service, the only attempt made throughout at realizing the social position of the parties. We do not mention this as any drawback upon the performance, but merely as saving the only apparent exception to our remarks, that Sir Walter rendered no service to humble life, in the way of delineating its society. Faithful butlers and barbers, tricky lady's maids, eccentric falconers and gamekeepers, are not those among whom we should look for the strength of character, the sternness of passion, the practical heroism, the inexhaustible patience, the unassuming self-denial, the unconscious beneficence—in a word, the *true-heartedness* which is to be found in its perfection in humble life. Of all this Walter Scott knew nothing."

We hear that Major has been prevented, for the present, from publishing in his Cabinet Gallery, a print from the 'Blind Fiddler' of Wilkie, because Messrs. Moon & Boys claim an exclusive right for their very masterly print, by Burnet. The engraving for which this monopoly is claimed, was made before the painting, we believe, was purchased by the country; but the picture either belongs to the nation or it does not; and unless the government purchased it with this reservation upon it, we should think that Major has as good a right to a copy as any other person. At any rate, it involves as pretty a point of law, as one would wish to hear argued in a summer's day, and it would be well to have it settled.

This week has been alive with musical promises: Monsieur Chelard is, it appears, arrived in London to superintend the production of his "Metternacht" at Drury Lane, and to direct the German operas at the same theatre; whilst Gühr, the most celebrated disciplinarian of Germany, is expected to direct the rival company at the Italian Opera House.

Mr. Seguin has also returned from the continent, with a complete list of the artistes engaged for the King's Theatre, which, it is said, will open at the end of next month, with Madlle. Blasis and Madlle. Taglioni for the leading stars.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 20.—Francis Bailey, Esq., Vice President, in the chair.

The following papers were read, 'On the Structure and Uses of the Bile,' by B. Phillips, Esq., communicated by G. W. Maton, M.D., V.P.R.S., and 'On certain properties of Vapour,' by the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, F.R.S.

Dr. Faraday's Experimental Researches in Electricity, (third series,) was announced for reading on the 10th of January next.

The Society then adjourned over the Christmas vacation, to meet again on the 10th of January, 1833.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Dec. 19.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the Chair.

Richard Griffith Killaly, Esq., was elected a Fellow of this Society.

A paper by William Lonsdale, Esq., F.G.S., 'On the Oolites of Gloucestershire,' was read.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY. { Horticultural Society ..... One, P.M.  
Institution of Civil Engineers. Eight, P.M.

TUESDAY. Royal Society of Literature .. Three, P.M.

THURSDAY. Zoological Society ..... Three, P.M.

SATURDAY. Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

#### FINE ARTS

The Rev. Dr. Crombie, LL.D., F.R.S., M.R.S.L. London: Smith & Elder.

This fine portrait of the venerable Preacher is from a miniature by William Booth, enlarged and drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. The expression is placid, and there is an air of serenity about the whole, true to the character of the man, and which gives us a favourable opinion of the taste of the young artist. It is, perhaps, the severest test to which a work of art can be exposed, that of expanding it; whatever is incorrect in the small, becomes aggravated in the large; the proportions, however, of this portrait, have not suffered by the enlargement.

#### THEATRICALS

##### DRURY LANE.

THE title of the pantomime at this house, is 'Harlequin Traveller; or, the World Inside Out.' Both the great houses have exerted themselves this Christmas, and both have, in some things, been successful. But the exertions bestowed on pantomimes are no longer rewarded as they used to be. The time for this species of entertainment is nearly gone by. They had reached their highest point of attraction some twenty years ago, and have been declining ever since. The cause is obvious, and it can neither be blinked nor surmounted. Pantomimes are for children. Education is much more general, and much more quick in its operation, than it used to be; and those who used to be boys and girls, are now little men and women. It is necessary, however, that those who elect to remain children, should have a report of the pantomimes as they are; and this in due time they shall have, though we cannot mention them all to-day. The one at present under consideration, is understood to have been written by Mr. Peake. And there is a quaintness, a humour, and a wit, about some of the ideas, which make us readily believe it. Indeed, we think that a sufficient number of scenes might be culled from it, to form a very amusing pantomime of a moderate length; but they are interlarded with others of an inferior sort, and the whole thing is spun out so as to become tedious. We recommend curtailment, and the loss will turn out to be a gain. The second scene, 'The Great Globe itself,' is clever

and amusing, and Miss Mary Ann Marshall makes a nice little *Britannia*; the third, 'London, from Greenwich Hill,' by Stanfield, is an admirable painting; the fifth, 'New Hungerford Fish Market,' and the fight which takes place there, make together a pleasant bit of nonsense enough. The sixth, 'Archery Meeting, Beau Bell Park,' is dull; the seventh, the 'Solar Microscopic Exhibition,' is a good idea not made the most of; the tenth, 'Interior of a Kamchatkan Hut,' has a good deal of fun in it, though the idea is not particularly new; the little Flying Dutchman in the eleventh, is capital; the thirteenth, 'The Catacomb,' is well done—but joking with dead bodies is dull fun—if it be fun at all. The evolutions of the posture-master, here introduced, are extraordinary, but distressing to witness. The election scene (fifteenth) has a good deal of amusement in it, and Harlequin at the head of the Poll, is excellent. Scene sixteen, 'The Diorama,' is most magnificently painted by Stanfield—it comprises several views near and at the Falls of Niagara; Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are very beautiful; but No. 4, 'The Horse Shoe Fall,' is by far the most effective and the truest to nature. We have a right to give an opinion on the subject, because the spot is familiar to us, and we have seen the Falls under various aspects, and at all seasons of the year. No. 5, 'The Great American or Apron Fall,' was not to us so effective; to be sure, No. 4 has the advantage of being exhibited by moonlight. After this, the pantomime is more or less dull to the end, and the sooner this is come to, the better for its future success.

## COVENT GARDEN.

We have to apologize to Covent Garden this week. We saw but the last two or three scenes of the Pantomime, and it would therefore be unjust to pretend to give an account of it. The general reports of it in the newspapers are good, and we shall be happy to add our testimony in its favour next week, if inspection will bear us in so doing. We just caught a glimpse of the person who is employed to represent Mr. Yates, and the imitation of person, for we did not hear him speak, is so curious, that for a moment, we were obliged to doubt whether Yates had not been engaged "at a vast expense" to act himself.

## OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burlesque burletta upon the plan of 'Olympic Revels' and Ditto 'Devils,' called, 'The Paphian Bower; or, Venus and Adonis,' is the Christmas Offering at Madame Vestris's Theatre. It had, like its two predecessors, the good fortune to be completely successful. It is written by Mr. Planché and Mr. Charles Dance.

## MISCELLANEA.

*Diorama at the Pantechnicon.*—A diorama of the 'Falls of Niagara,' painted by Mr. Sintzenich, from sketches taken on the spot, has this week been opened at the Pantechnicon, near Belgrave Square. We confess that we were startled on hearing of the attempt—we could not conceive how a few feet of motionless canvas could, by the hand of art, be made to represent, or even to convey an idea of a scene which is sublime from the very life and energy of nature, and strikes with awe and astonishment beyond all others, from the tremendous power which is made visibly and audibly present by the rush, and whirl, and thunder of a mighty torrent of uncontrollable waters. We regret to add, that the justice of our opinion has been proved. We cannot congratulate the painter on his success. It is a "picture in little" on a large scale—but a picture after all, and not very effectively painted.

*Theatricals Extraordinary.*—The 25th of November, the anniversary of the day on which the British evacuated New York, is still cele-

brated in that city. On Monday the 26th, the festivities adjourned from the preceding day, produced more than ordinary excitement. So many persons attended the Bowery Theatre in the evening, that more than three hundred men, women and children were accommodated on the stage. The play was 'Richard III.' which under these circumstances, became anything and everything and a tragedy. In the scene with *Lady Anne*, some spectators in the gallery threw pennies upon the stage, which the children scrambled for under the legs of the actors. The ghosts in the tent scene were mixed with the living crowd, and at the battle of Bosworth, a ring was formed round *Richard* and *Richard* to see "fair play." In the afterpiece, where a supper was spread, the spectators leisurely helped themselves to the viands. It was, indeed, a rare treat to the audience and the manager.

*Honours in America to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott.*—The *Ontario Freeman* contains an address delivered at Canandaigua, New York, by J. S. Clinton, Esq., on the character and writings of the late Sir W. Scott. The spot chosen for the delivery of the address, was "The Waverley Rock," on the estate of the Hon. John Gregg, where banners were displayed of the English, Scotch, Irish, and American arms. The bells of the village at noon struck the age of the deceased, and a brass plate has been fixed to the rock, engraved with the names of British and American writers.

*Zinc Milk-pans.*—Among the patents recently taken out in America, one is for a process for extracting cream from milk by the use of zinc. It is said, that if zinc be put into the milk-pan, or the milk be put into a vessel made of that substance, the same quantity of milk will yield a greater quantity of cream or butter.—*Times*.

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## NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

In the press, and will shortly be published, *The Archer's Guide*, &c. By an Old Toxophilite.

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Early in January, *An Historical and Descriptive Account of the Coast of Sussex*, by J. D. Parry, M.A.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Title-page and Index for the volume now brought to a close, will be given next week on an extra half-sheet, attached to the first number for the new year, from which it may be cut off without difficulty. Many disappointments, formerly, arose from their being separate; in some instances, the extra half-sheets given were not delivered to the subscribers, and weeks and months after, as appears from our replies to correspondents, we received letters of remonstrance on the subject—although we have nothing whatever to do with supplying the Paper, beyond delivering copies to the news-agents and booksellers, by whom they are furnished to the public.

Thanks to P. E. M.—N. M.—Tertius.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

**UNIVERSITY of LONDON.**—The Classes in the FACULTY of ARTS recommence on Wednesday, the 2nd January. Such a division of the subject is made in most of the classes, as to enter advantageously at this part of the Course, and the Fee is proportionally reduced.

|  |       |         |
|--|-------|---------|
| GREEK.—T. Maiden, M.A. Professor                         | ..... | Fee, 25 |
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| FRENCH LANGUAGE.—P. F. Merlet                            | ..... | 4       |
| GERMAN DO.—Dr. Haussman                                  | ..... | 4       |

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